

POEM,

Occasion'd by the

General PEACE.

By J. W. Gent.

*Jam Fides, & Pax, & Honor, Pudorque
Priscus, & neglecta redire Virtus
Audet, apparetque beata pleno
Copia Cornu.
Hor. Car. Sec.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Battersby at Staple-Inn-Gate, near
the Barrs, in Holbourn, 1698.

FORM

Occasionally by the

General PEACE.

By J. W. GORE



John Tiber & Sons, Publishers
10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4
Under appropriate license from
Coptic College
11, St. John's Lane, London, E.C. 4

LONDON

Printed for Robert L. G. at the University Press, Cambridge
the House in 1951

A

P O E M,

Occasioned by the

General Peace.

Could I to *Virgil's* loftiest Flights attain,
 To sing the Heroe in immortal Strain,
 Like *Pindar*, with aspiring Fancy raise
 Past Human Reach, above the endless Skies,
 And sing of Gods and Heroes in his Lays. }
 In what great Numbers would I then rehearse ?
 In boundless Thought, and never-dying Verse ?
 What mighty Deeds by *Albion's Monarch* done,
 What Battels fought, and early Trophies won ?
 Tell the whole World, how at the rapid *Boyne*,
 Undaunted, He amid'ft a Thousand Slain,
 Through dang'rous Torrents at his Army's Head,
 Like *Cæsar* Conquer'd, and like *Cæsar* led :
 Whilst fawning Waves, and every guilty Stream
 Lay still, as conscious 'twas the Mighty HIM.

There Conq'ring, crush'd at once a Springing War,
 And fought new Laurels on a distant Shoar.
 Pitch'd his Victorious Banners in the Feild,
 Which the whole World with wondring Terrour fill'd.
 Next *Nature's* Siege his Daring Courage try'd,
Nature ! which on her mighty Forts rely'd :
 Built Strong by Art, by Nature made secure,
 From bold Attempts of a far greater Pow'r.
 But when the Great *NASSAU* before it came,
NASSAU Recorded in the List of Fame.
 How did the Town at his Approaches fear ?
 How bravely fought, 'twixt Safety and Despair ?
 Till with assailing Foes encompass'd round,
 They the true Conduct of our Heroe found ;
 Beheld Him wrapt in Clouds of circling Smoke,
 Which from the Town in Thund'ring Language broke,
 Whilst thro' his Camp, the Bombs in louder strain,
 Those lesser Murmurs Eccho'd back again :
 Their num'rous Armies looking vainly on,
 Saw how He fought, and with what Praise he won
 Immortal Glory, and th'amazing Town.
 How did his Fame to farthest Regions move ?
 Swift as the Lightning from the Hand of *Jove*,
 Become a Terrour to th'amazing *Gaul*,
 As to Old *Rome*, was the Young Conqu'ring *Hannibal*.

Why do I talk of *Namure* and the *Boyne*,
 Are those his only noted Vict'ries won ?
 Let *Steinkirk*, *Landen*, *Mons*, *Athlone*, declare
 What Deeds He acted, and what Toils He bore :
 Deeds ! well ingrav'd, and seen upon each Place,
 Shall far out-live all Monumental Brass ;
 And will to future wondring Times be shown,
 Whilst fleeting Years in endless Circles run,
 And last, till dull Eternity be gone.

Nor is his mighty Pow'r and large Command,
 Barr'd to the scanty Limits of the Land ;
 But in his Fleets, renown'd for Golden Trade,
 To th' utmost Bounds of Natures-Self convey'd.
 His Marine Power's, so greatly Fam'd for War,
 That strike th' unknown, like the Old World, with Fear :
 With Canvas Wings, sail on the swelling Tide,
 Dance o'er the Waves, and on the Surges Ride ;
 Thro' the vast Plains they cut their Liquid Way,
 To them each Land their willing Tributes pay.
 The Sooty *Indian*, when the Fleet arrives,
 His richest Gems, and dearest Presents gives.
 The watry *Nymphs* to them their Corals bear,
Menander Swans, and *Tagus* Golden Oar ;
Neptune to them does silently submit,
 And lays his Trident at the *British* Heroes Feet.

Kings that have Rule beneath the Frozen Zone,
 And perfect Strangers to th' All-seeing Sun,
 Crawl from the Summit of the World's great Frame,
 To pay Respect to Conqu'ring *NASSAU*'s Fame.
 Thro' pathless Ways, o'er the Cold *Alpes* they go,
 And Mountains buried in Eternal Snow;
 Cross Floods that rowl like Cataracts of *Nile*,
 In vast Impetuous Torrents down the Hill,
 Saw with amazing Pleasure ev'ry Town,
 'Gainst *Gallick* Troops by *Albion*'s Forces won :
 Then to Victorious *WILLIAM*'s Camp repair,
 And saw how Great the Heroe did appear,
 All Stern and Raging, like the God of War.
 What pleasing Change did the new Sight create ?
 How warm their Brests, with a Young Martial Heat ?
 Which thro' their glowing Veins diffus'dly ran,
 And bade the Great *NASSAU* to Slaughter lead them on.

His Sight refreshing, like a Morning Beam,
 Adds Day to Night, and a new Face to Time ;
 Makes Nature wanton in his ripening Rays,
 And *Belgia* Drunk with indigested Joys.
 Yet *Britain*, pensive with continual Care,
 Looks with Impatience to her Rival Shoar :
 Fearful and Trembling at her Monarch's Stay,
 Bids the dull Hours anticipate the Day.

With

With Sighs and Pray'rs, she Courts the heedless Wind,
 Speaks to the swelling Surges to be kind :
 And waft him safe o'er vast Tempestuous Seas,
 Crown'd with Eternal Victory and Peace.
 Far from the dismal Noise of Angry War,
 Within her longing Arms, to rest for ever here.
 But see, He comes Triumphant o're the Main,
 The Seas grow Calm, the Heavens are all Serene.
 The Nereids sporting on the Surges sit,
 And Crowding Sea-Gods stop the hastning Fleet :
 The Nymphs proclaim Victorious WILLIAM's Praise,
 And Triton tells it to the list'ning Seas ;
 The Waves on gentle Steps move slowly on,
 And grieve to lose his Royal Weight so soon :
 Whil'st Thronging Subjects spread the spacious Shoar,
 And with his Praises rend the patient Air :
 From ev'ry Fort Discharged Cannons play,
 (No longer Dreadful) softest Sounds of Joy ;
 BRITANNIA rising from her Oozy Bed,
 Where She in short and silent Slumbers laid.
 Old ALBION saw, with flowing Joys grown young,
 Prepar'd to meet the Heroe with this Song.

WILLIAM! thou mighty Off-spring of a God,
 On us, by Heavens Almighty Power bestow'd :

Heaven propitious to our sinking Isle,
 T'appoint our happy *Genius* here to Rule.
 When we regardless of our Danger lay,
 Saw Forein Kings stretch Conquests ev'ry way,
 And Tyger-like, devour th'unguarded Prey.
 But thy Victorious Arm their Troops subdu'd,
 Thy Pow'rful *Rays* dispers'd their threatening Cloud ;
 Made *GALLIA* tremble at thy sure Success,
 And Her proud King to humbly sue for Peace.

Peace! in what distant Regions hast thou been ?
 Where so long Exil'd from our Sight hast lain ?
EUROPE could give thee no secure Retreat,
 Nor *ALBION* room to rest thy weary'd Feet.
 Wert Thou to *PARTHIA*, to the *INDIES* gone?
 Sought'st Thou new Worlds, unpeopled and unknown ?
 Ev'n there the Fruitful Seeds of jarring War,
 Grow without Culture, or the Tillers Care.
 Did'st Thou not on the Heavens Great *AXIS* tread,
 Whilst Fire and Sword did the whole World invade?
 See Towns, whose Spires once reach'd the Azure Sky,
 Now low Intomb'd in their own Ashes lye,
 The' effects of Rage, and a Proud *Gallick* Enemy.

'Till the Great *WILLIAM* to thy Aid was seen,
 To lend his Warlike and all Conqu'ring Arm,
 And Shield each Part of Thee from ev'ry Harm ;
 Whil'st to his *ALBION's* Ark, He drew Thee safely in.

Say ! Welcom Peace, by Antients thought Divine,
 Say, in what Words shall I thy Pow'r define ;
 Teach me thy blest Original, to trace,
 And prove thy *Being* from some Heavenly Race.
 Thee whom the *Chaos* wrapt in gloomy Shade,
 Thro' a long Chain of unknown Time obey'd,
 Each stirring Atom in the diff'ring Heap,
 Aw'd with thy Presence melted into Sleep :
 No Rebel Seeds did the great Mass divide,
 The smallest Part its own dear Rights enjoy'd.
 Thus whil'st the *ALL* in jumbled Order lay,
 And pleas'd with disagreeing Harmony,
 Beside thy Self, it knew no other *Deity*.

But when the *God* of Nature spoke the Word,
 A kinder Scene of a New World appear'd ;
 An Infant Sun did the large Globe Survey,
 And Darknefs fled before his Rising Day.
 All things look'd then so Innocent and Young,
 Birds undisturb'd on the green Branches sung,
 And Silver Streams crept silently along.

The Happy Mortals in soft Slumbers laid,
 Bless'd with a Beech-Trees thick and growing Shade:
 No Breast was troubled yet with biting Care,
 No Mind was fearful of approaching War.
 The Trumpets Clangor shook no tremb'ling Plain,
 Nor were there Engines of Destruction seen ;
 They Food from Neighb'ring Bushes did receive,
 And only eat what bounteous Nature gave :
 None labour'd hard for a next Years Increase,
 Yet soon grew rich in Honesty and Ease.

But the succeeding Ages brought to light,
 Arms, War, and Bloodshed, Rapine and Deceit ;
 Ambition, Int'rest, Discord, crowded in,
 And num'rous Ills quite chang'd the former Scene.
 Which long o'er Man in various Humours reign'd,
 At length in one great monstrous Body joyn'd,
 Which with its Greatness did the World invade,
 O'er-power'd Countries, Towns in Ruins laid.
 'Till Great *NASSAW* the growing Ill withstood,
 Destroy'd the Fiend, and slew the Hellish Brood ;
 He the *Britannick* Conqu'ring *Hercules*
 From threatening Harms his Joyful *Albion* frees,
 And with his Sword, obtains the wish'd-for Peace.

Fly all the *Zephyrs* with unusual haste,
 Touch on yon' Mountain, on that farthest Coast ;

There

There peaceful Branches from the Olive tear,
 And to the Presence of your Monarch bear :
 You *Cupids* too, that Revel in his Ray,
 And all around his shining Brightness play.
 Fly to the *Delphian* Groves, and quickly come
 With verdant Laurels laden richly home ;
 Strip every Branch from the *Coy Blushing Maid*,
 And tell Her, 'tis for the New Horoe's Head.

But Oh! how vain must the Young *Bard* appear,
 (Whose flagging Wings can't reach so high a Sphere?)
 Who with unusual Boldness, dares proclaim
 His uncouth Lays on so sublime a Theme?
 Yet what dull Fancy could be longer still,
 And no soft Pow'rs of Charming Muses feel?
 When *Europe's* Fate, the Great *NASSAU* is come
 From War and Slaughter, Crown'd with Laurels Home ;
 New Thoughts untry'd, my ruder Breast inspire,
 And warming Zeal sets my whole Soul on Fire:
 Yet in the bold Attempting of his Praise,
 How am I hurri'd to some Erring Maze?
 On Wings of lawless thronging Fancies tost,
 And my whole Thoughts in the vast Perspective, are lost.